

In the Aquarium.

that sometimes fly through the air and sting

a whole to death, bit her. After lashing around and making the water red with her blood, she lay, at last, dead on the sea. Then I thought of Labradora, and brought home the baby here. We will bring up the poor

weed or brush against the sea anemones

The pet whale got to realize how much she enloyed his spouting, and would spout two or three times more than was necessary for his own comfort or health just to please his little mistress.

It may be imagined how devoted they were to each other. When the merman would come into the the cave and say: "Where's Labradora?" his wife would answer: "Oh. she's out with the whale,"

and he felt perfectly satisfied in his own

This pleasant companionship went on without a flaw for three years. By that time Labradora was a beautifully formed

For three years their faithful compan

As luck would have it, there was a whaler

only a short distance away. The sailors

ers pulled softly up to the whale from be-

creatures.

hind. Labradora turned her golden head to

watch them, without any apprehension, but with intense curiosity. They were not wretty, but they were novel, these strange

Even when one of them stood up in the

prow with a coil of rope ground his arm, the guijeless mermalden felt no solicitude. But when she saw something like a long writhing snake coming through the air and a loop

descending on herself, she had an instinctive

ise that danger threatened, and she gave a sharp stroke with her clenched hand to the pct whale. This was the signal for him to sink, which the faithful creature at once

But alas! Labradora felt herself pulled

rulely from his back and drawn through the water by something tight and painful about her body, from which she could not escape. She was often wont to suddenly slip from

the whale's back in order to go and disport

herself on some hard bit of sandy shore or to climb the rocks and look at herself in a pool of still water. Consequently the pet whale pursued his course without the faint-

est inkling of what had befallen his adored

mistress. Poor, tender-hearted whale! He

had no reason to love whalers. They had

killed his mother and now they had stolen his dear Labradora, though he knew it not.

Concluded next Sunday.

ratus properly.

Adventures of a Mermaid.

(Copyrighted, 1896, by John J. A'Becket.) There may be some difference between bappiness and content, but they who are ontented will never bother to had it out. To heartily enjoy the good things postessed and to give little thought to those which are lacking, is to be happy. Hence it was that one of the happiest families in the world dwelt on the Bleak course of Labrador, in the honely depths of the chilly sea, while above their world of green water lowered a cold, forbidding day. It was a family of merfolk, father, mether

and child. This little mermaiden was three years old and as beautiful as anything in the world or waters. Despite her youthfulness she was most companionable to her parents, for the merfolk do not develop very far but affain their perfection very quick-

At the roots of a beetling cliff on that gaunt Labrador coast is a cave, round and smooth where the action of the sea for centuries has hollowed out the hard rock. This was the merman's home, a nest of love that sweetened the cold brine

one would not magine this small family could have been even comfortable, let alone contented or happy, in that ice-old sea. But there are Arctic merpeople, just as there are tropical ones. So to the hot-blooded, healthy vigor of this good trio the ley water with its sting was only exhibitanting and homelike.

hilarating and homelike.

But the mernim and his wife were happier than ever when their tiny daughter came to light up the crystal green of the cave like a huminous blossom. She was daintier and more beautiful than any of the was amenous that grew about the entrance. They named her after the country, Labradora. They watched her grow with shooting twinges of delight. It was such a hovelty to them. In a very short time Labradora could guide herself quite straight with the justest movement of her fin, and with a natural grace and swiftness that filled the parents with honest

ride.
"Mamma," she said one day, as she noted swiftly up to her parents, "I saw glided swiftly up to her parents, "I saw such a strange signt this morning. A great, white mountain drifting in the sea, shining

and with green tints in it, just like home here. What was it, mamma?"

Her purents lengthed so merrily that two showers of air-bubbles, like tiny silver globules, went racing to the top of the

"That was an iceberg, Labradora," said merganization was a readmini former merganization as fair a one as every played on a conch or sunned herself on a rock. And the pet whale, why, he was that big by this time that it seemed simply ridiculous to call him a pet whale. the merman. This is the time of year when they float southward. Butyou musn't play with them, little one, because if you get settled on one you will likely be borne slowly along, and before you know it you may be carried so far that you can't find your way back to the cave again. So you won't go near them, without your mother or

"No, papa," replied Labradora. She was and devoted a child to have the which is one of the first temptations thatcome to human young. "But, papa," she added, with pensive wallfulness, "I would like to ride on something that moved slong." di remark took effect on her

Thus one morning papa merman came came paddling into the cave with a large, bulky creature, not amazingly pretty, but very gentle, and despite its magnit

ing so young and belpiess.
His wife raised herself on her elbow and spread her fin out full in astonishment, while little Labradora stood on the n end of hers, she was that interested. rever did you get the little whale!"

exclaimed notice mermid.

"Ob, is it a whale" screamed Labra-dera, in her childish Gelight. She swam swiftly over and circled above and below and before and behind the little whale,

who was very much embarrassed and per-

Way, this is for our little girl to ride," said the proud and happy father. "He is said the proof and happy tather. He is very young now, but in a short time he will be a great goer. Even now, though he is a mere haby, he will no more feel Labradora's weight than a rock does a periwinkle. In fact, he is not yet weaned, and he will have to get some mother-whale to suckle him. He is an orphan, Labradora," he said, turn-ing to the mermaiden, who was listening with acutest interest, "and you must be erry good to him. He was at his mother's breast when one of those terrible things Strange Little Animal.

(Copyrighted by J. C. Beard.)
A friend of mine from Cadiz, who says
that Spain, for the time being, at least, has become a little unhealthy for Amer-icans, showed me the other day a re

leans, showed me the other day a remarkable object which he took from a little red box pierced full of holes.

"You may likely enough mistake it for a Japanese grotesque in bronze," he said, which, to tell the truth, misled by its immobility, its color and its outlandish appearance, was the identical thing I had done.

"But," he continued, "he is alive, though fast asieep. I found him in an old monastery garden in the environs of Toledo. When I first saw him, at noon, as is common with a great majority of his fellow-citizens he was ladulging in his mid-day slesta. I took him for some queer vegetable excresence growing out of the branch of the olive tree upon which he rested. Exactly matching the greenish gray bark of the olive tree upon which he rested. Exactly matching the greenish gray back in color, the granulated texture of his mottled hide looked like the scaly surface of a lichen-covered knot, and it was only on closest inspection I determined his real nature. Touch him up a bit. He is a Spaniard, and looks ugiy, but he can't hurt anything bigger than afly or a cock-roach." In response to my friend's suggestion I gave him a gentle poke with the ferule of my ambrella, and he began by slow installments to wake up; that is, the side next me gradually showed signs of life. One force leg moved with the almost imperceptible progress of the minute hand

the baby here. We will bring up the poor orphaned thing. Labradora can ride him even now, though the intie chap is so young that he can hardly swim faster than a jelly fish. I am going off right away to try and find some whale-nother who will nurse him until he gets his growth."

The little whale was pathetically gentle and confiding and so thindly affectionate that Labradora took him to her heart at once. She would caress his great check with her snowy hand and the baby whale would make a stuggish movement of content and feethy wabble his tail. He accepted his small mistress as his pro-

One fore leg moved with the almost imperceptible progress of the minute hand of a clock, and his hind leg on the same side also quivered. His color changed more rapidly until the half of his body mearest me was almost black, while that which had not been touched remained its original light gray-green, the hue of exidized bronze.

By this I knew the creature must be one of the vermillingues. Although quite familiar with the American lizard, incorrectly called a chambeleon, I had never before seen an animal like this, and I examined it with feelings of the liveliest interest and curiosity. The awakening process went on by easy stages, until the eye bext me opened and one side of the reptile was plainly wide awake, white the other was as obviously fast asleep. I then waked up the other side, and it was one of the oddest things you can imagine to see its glaring eyes, covered except in the center by skin, look in different directions at the same time, the one directed forward and the other backward. My friend placed a small roach (the kept a hox of them for the our. of content and feetily wabble his tail. He accepted his small mistress as his protector and friend.

Papa merman was lucky enough to find a large, motherly whale, strong and healthy, who had no objection to caring for the orphan whaleling. The merman would bring her to a certain point in the sea and then Labradora would take her pet whale there to be nourished.

"I don't want a creat, big strange "I don't want a great, big, strauge whale about the place," said papa merman to his wife. "They are thoughtless and, of course, are not accustomed to associating so familiarly with our class." The pet whale thrived admirably and grew to be the delight of the household and Labradora was the apple of his cyv. He became thoroughly house trained and would not lie on the seaother backward. My friend placed a small reach (he kept a box of them for the pur-pose of feeding his pet), within range of one of its swivel mounted organs of vision, and the show began.

the show began.

The half animal on that side evidently communicated the fact to the other half, for both eyes were for the first time fastened on the same object. The roach was a considerable distance away, and I wondered how the torpid, slow moving creature would manage to approach the insect to capture it. The two halves of the animal having consulted over the matter and reached a conclusion, the shape ices mouth opened and a tongue that seemed to lack perhaps a third of being as long as the creature itself, shot out, struck the roach, and stuck the roach on its adhesive club shaped end and lerked it back instanter into the cavernous depths of reptillan auatomy. This is about the only rapid movement the animal is ever guilty of. or obstruct the nooks in the cave. Lab-radora used to ride him every day. The faithful creature would come to the mouth of the cave and wait there, float-ing sideways, looking at her with his mg saleways, looking at her win his small eye and coaxingly flapping his broad fin. Then when the agile little sea child would swim like an arrow to him and settle lightly on his great back, he would dart off with a resh and her golden hair would stream out behind her like the yellow flame of a wind-blown torch. Sometimes he would go so fast that the small mermaid had to keep her mouth tight shut for fear the sea would rush in too fast for her to use her breathing appa-When the pet whale would come to the top to breathe, the child, looking like a jewel, perched on his huge black back, would watch eagerly to see the feathery stream of sea water he would throw high into the air, like some stately geyser. She would burst into a ripple of laughter as the crystal drops showered down upon her. The rest whale sof to realize how much

of.

His "little game" is to lie low, to blush all over the particular color of his environment (and he has an eye for color), to look as much as possible like a rock, or bank, or sand, and then to approach his prey so silently, so slowly, so gradually, and so imperceptibly that he seems rather lo grow than to go in their direction. If the prey is, as is generally the case, a blue bottleffy and is making an elaborate tollet after the manner of such insects, twisting his fore legs together in front and then rabiding them over his head until he seems about to break it away from the body, the probability is that he has become so engrossed in the interesting occupation as to allow the reptile to bring blu in range and incontinently end his career of usefulness. Ninety-nine times out of a thousand, however, he loses pattence and files away. ever, he loses pattence and files away.

On scratching "Scalywag," the name my friend had given this interesting pet, with a lead pencil, he began to swell with indignation and kept it up until he seemed to be at least twice his original

lonship was unbroken and unmarred. Then came an awful change. One enchanting summer day, crisp and bright, the pet whale came rushing to the top to blow. Standing high on his slender legs he appeared an incarnate nightmare. Cer-tainly no artist in portraying the inhab-itants of Hades, giving rein to his wildest incies, ever depicted so menacing, so grotesque a horror. Doubtless this is his saw this bright pink and white and gold object perched on the whale's glistening back. A boot put off at once and the rowprotection; few birds or beasts would protection; rew birds or beasts would care to attack such a venomous looking creature. The changes of color he can command, I am assured, are in popular ac-counts much exaggerated and do not greatly exceed those of our own ancils of Florida. The chief interest connected with this Spanish chameleon is his double consciousness which is unparalleled among living unimals. So complete is this that if the reature falls into water the two half inlividuals of which it is composed become so frightened and confused that each attempt to act on its own account renders no co-ordinate movements possible, and the animal invariably drowns.

WERE GREAT WHEN YOUNG.

Kaulbach, at seventeen, was pronounced Kant began his philosophical and meta-obysical speculations before the age of eighteen.

ber of poems and several dramas before he was twenty. Raphael showed his artistic abilities and several dramas before at the early age of twelve, when he was at the carry age of tweive, when he was widely known as an artist in oil. Michael Angelo, at the age of sixteen, entered an artistic competition with the best-known artists of his time. Ben Jonson wrote "Every Man in His

Goethe had produced a considerable num-

Humor," considered by competent critica to be his best play, at twenty-two. Coleridge is said to have begun work on the "Ancient Mariner" when he was about

fourteen years of age.
Prince Eugene exhibited military talent at the age of thirteen. Mozart was a composer of a schata before e was six; at nine he produced his first

Hard Trials for the Reporters. If there are to be many more their witnesses in the Jameson trial, the hard-worked reporters will have to apply for the services of a special interpreter. Yesterlay they were left to make the best they could of the name of a place which came trippingly off the tongue of Bouwer, the Boer witness, but for which the ordi-nary signs of stenography offer no equiva-lent. In the depositions the name appears Uss Van Uithoouls Winkehspruit. The nearest the Evening Standard reporter got to it was Van Nit Hookiswinkle Sprint; the Globe gently modified this to Van Nit Hoor-iswinkel, while the Sun simplified it to Van Oudtshoorn's, and the Evening News soldly made one fearsome word of it, thus Vanoudtschawanswinkel. The rest of the reporters fenced gently with it, or, like prudent men, declined it altogether. Lon-don Chronicie.

Biting the Lips. The lip-biting habit will mar the prettiest face ever turned out of nature's workshop. All the cold cream, lip salves, and glycerine lotions introduced upon the toiled table will not remedy the parched, cracked appearance due to a continual lip-gnawing process. Not until the habit is entirely broken up is there any hope of a change. Girls frequently drift into this ugly practice through a foolish vanity that p them to "wear their dimples" all the time. Others bite their lips from nervousness, and sometimes, if a girl has pale, colorless lips, she will try to vivify them by an occa sional pressure with her teeth. After a time, however, she nibbles away uncon-tiously, and by and by her mouth loses its pretty curves, becomes rough and puffy looking, and all the charm of her face is gone.-New York World



Rhinoceros with Herons on His Back

DOMINUS VOBISCUM.

Collision in Which an Athletic Priest and a Westerner Mix Up. Detroit Free Press.

"Dominis vobiscum," said an athletic but absent minded priest who collided with a big Westerner on a St. Louis street the day after Kausas had declared for Mc-Rinley, filling the man of the plains with joy and mixed driniss.

"You're another," mared the layman as he let go from the shoulder at the fresh but surprised face of the grad father, who was

surprised face of the good father, who was



The Acrodout Chamelio.

hastily trying to do some franslating which his excited opponent mistook for a note of defiance.

The priest warded and ducked until convinced that there was no chance for arbitration or peaceful settlement, and then he waded in. He was a handy man with both fists in commission. He was broad shouldered deep of chest and full of latent ginger that rapidly began to work. He was a very busy and efficient personage for a few minutes, at the end of which the huge Westerner, who wears the belt in his hastily trying to do some translating which for a few minutes at the end of which the huge Westerner, who wears the belt in his section, was one of the most artistically whipped men that is appeared west of the Mississippl in many a day.

Then he turned to Jose, and, had lear, many voice, bade him farewell.

"There is no possible escape," he said; "but they shall not capture me alive. I will sell my life dearly, as our father did the Mississippl in many a day.



I Shall Meet Them With Revolver and Machete.

"What was that you called me?" asked the vanquished when he began to realize that he was still alive. said 'Dominus vobiscum'-'May the

Lord be with you."
"Well, he wasn't with me; but if you'd
just talked United States I'd have bought small bottle, for you're the first feller that ever gave me that kind of a boost After this I'll do a little investigating



He Was Promptly Knocked Senseless with the Butt of a Revolver.

Story Of Cuba Today.

The uoon sun flooded the bacienda with its radiance. Peace dwelt under the tall paims, and along the cool versadas. No one was stirring among the fields of sugar ane. The green jalouses of the long, low dwelling houses were closed, presumably that the immates mighten joy their afternoon slesta. Had one scarched through all the fair island of Cuba it would have been hard to find a more perfect picture of calm beauty than that prescuted by the plantation of the Senora d'Arroyo.

But one must not judge from the surface, in troubulous Cuba. Despite its appearance of peaceful rest, the old house held many

an anxious heart. In order to visit his widowed mother, the young Julio d'Arroyo had obtained leave young Julio d'Arreyo had obtained leave of absence from the insurgent army with which he had cast his iot at the outbreak of the febrilion. Passing, after dangers innumerable, through the Spanish lines, he had managed to reach the home of his boyhood and to clasp his mother to his breast. But at any moment spies might carry the news of his return to the Spanish general (for Julio d'Arroyo, by reason of his ancient descent and great personal bravery, was aiready a marked man.) So while the elder brother spent a few brief hours of happibrother spent a few brief tours of happi-ness in the darkened rooms below stairs, the younger—a mere boy, not yet eman-cipated from school-kept watch in company with a negro servant overhead. Jose pany with a negro servant overhead. Jose d'Arroyo was all eagerness to be up and doing in the cause of his beloved Cubu; but neither his mother nor his eider brother would nilow an urchiu barely in his teens to go forth to war.

"Inne enough, Jose," Jolio would say, "when they have killed me for you to think of feebling."

think of fighting."

In keeping watch over his brother Jose felt that he was at least able to help its patriot cause to some extent. He would have dearly liked to sit below, listening to the thrilling adventures of Julio; but duty was above all, and duty kept lim, with a field glass and old Manuel, the ne-gro, on guard in the lookout room.

gro, on guard in the lookout room.

Sometimes the okine gro seyes are quicker than the best field glass. Jose was sweeping the southern horizon, when a cry from Manuel caused him to turn westward. Through the waving forest of paims he could dimity discover moving figures. Who could they be friends or focs? In either case Julio must be alarmed, and Manuel dispatched downstairs upon this errand. The elder brother soon stood in the lookout examining the approaching body of men. For a few moments he did not speak, and then an exclamation of rage escaped

his lips:
"The Spaniards!" he cried. "They are upon me—a whole regiment atleast. I must

Heroic Senora d'Arroyo threw her arms about her son's neck, embraced him once, and then hastily placing his sombrero upon his head, bade him begone. But just as Julio reached the rear veranda a servant. covered with dust, rushed through the

Senor Julio," he exclaimed, "you are lost! The spies have found you out and the plantation is surrounded. To attempt to escape by flight is to go to certain death!" Quickly Julio d'Arroyo questioned the man, and found that his news was all too trae. He had been caught like a rat in a trap, and, foot by foot, the ring of avenging Spaniards was closing around him.

Speniards was closing around him.

Julio d'Arroyo paused for a moment to
consider. His mother, still in the lookout
room, had not heard the scout's intelligence.
Only Jose, his little brother, who stood
beside him, shared the knowledge of disaster.
It took but a brief space for him to make up
his minut. Then he turned to Jose, and, in a his mind. Then he turned to Jose, and, in a

use, near the gates?"

take me I shall meet them with revolver and machete. In the doorway I can hold them at bay for a good hour or more. It will be a braye death for Cuba libre. Adios, little brother mine. Be good to the mother, and tell her nothing till all is over."

Toward evening, however same was not dead; and when he had been carefully fettered in the goard-house his captors farmished their commanded day's events—the officer who had knocked poor Jose down with a revolver putting in his claim for the reward.

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Toward events—the house his captors farmished their commanded day's events—the officer who had knocked poor Jose down with a revolver putting in his claim for the following his captors farmished their commanded day's events—the officer who had knocked poor Jose down with a revolver putting in his claim for the following his captor for the

Then Julio was gone, machete in hand. and Jose stood with the friendly scoot on the vermids. There were bitter tears in his eyes, but he brushed them away as he heard old Manuel's step approaching. A great idea had been born within his soul-There was a chance for him at last-a chance w his mettle and do a deed of heroism

for the cause.
"Manuel! Juan-Manuel!" he cried, the spirit of very manhood flashing from his eyes, "do you want to help the Senor Julio?" The two servants answered eagerly in the

affirmative.
"Boenol" said Jose. "Then bring me his horse from the stable; and you. Manuel, help him. Not a word to the senora, my mother, Quick! For God's sake, be reick!" They would have remonstrated, but he hurried them forth upon their several missions. Then, hastening to the lookout room he persuaded his mother to "All will be well," he said. "Jalio will "You are sure, my son?"

"Yes, mother, quite sure. You must not be found in the lookout. What would the Spaniards say if they found you on the "That is true. Which way has Julio "He will go by the cane brake to the

sea. Our little boat is in Amores' cove He can coast out of harm's way."

The Senora d'Arroyo seated herself in the cool reception room, behind the jalouses, ready to receive the expected
Spaniards. Then Jose stole out to the rear verands. Juan-Maria was there with Julio's black horse ready saddled, and old Manuel, with great, staring eyes, stand-

ing breathless by 'Now, Juan-Maria," he said, still with that masterful tone so astonishing from the lips of a boy, "go down to the old sugar house near the gates. Tell the Senor Julio that all is safe, and tell him to fly through that all is safe, and tell him to fly through the cane brake to the cove at Andros, our boat is waiting.'

"And where do you go, senor?"
"I?" said Jose, vaulting into the black horse's saidle and urging him coward ere the servants could grasp the bridle

In an instant be was gone; and they heard the quick "thud-thud" of the black steed's hoofs on the sun-baked turf. What was the daring project which what was the until place what occurred to Jose? Simply this He hoped, by personating his brother, to attract the Spaniards in pursuit of himself, and thus give Julio a chance to escape and strike another blow for the cape and strike another blow for the atriots. Well he knew the risk he patriots. Well he knew the risk he involved; but the blood of herces ran in his veins, and not for a moment was he daunted. Straight across the sugar field he went—the black horse, rested and well fed, racing gallantly. Into the belt of paims beyond the plantation they plunged, and then, for the first time Jose drew rein, and continued more slowly. drew rein, and continued more slowly. His object was not to piece through the Spanish lines, for that would be imle, but rather to draw away from possible. The solution is a solution the side toward the sea the soldiers posted in that direction. If he could induce them to pursue him, the coast would be clear for Julio, to the cove of

Andros!

"Alto! Quieu vive!" A sentinel's voice rang out from among the palms on the hillslope toward the sea.

Without answering the challenge Jose tugged at the black horse's rein and sent

tugged at the black horse's rein and sent him careering madly to the right. There was a sharp report and a bullet whizzed past among the trees. Then behind him he heard the sound of horses galloping. Hurrah! The out-posts on the side toward the sea were cavalrymen. They would naturally pus-



Horned Screamer Defending Sheep Sheep from Puma

sue him, and there would be a gap in the ring for Julio

Again the warning shout; again the Again the warning shout; again the rapid turn to the right; and again the ring of a ritle bullet, Jose threw himself sideways in the saddle as he had seen Julio do at exercise. Shouts rose rehind-He heard the sentries calling to one another. "To the right! to the right! He has gone to the right!"

Then a loud, commanding voice rose over the turnuit. "It is he! I know the horse. It is surely he! . Pursue the rebel! To the right!"

Louder grew the sound of horse-hoofs.

Jose's brave heart bounded, for he knew
that all the outposts on the scaboard side
were in hot chase, fondly believing that the
black horse carried Julio D'Arroyo.
And now the rifle and revolver shots
came faster and faster. Once the black

borse swerved and bounded—a shot had grazed his flank. Once something had gone whistling through the boy's white sombrero. Still forward went steed and hour-ever to the right, righing in a mad circle round the plantation of the Senora d'Arrays. d'Arroyo.

"Alto!"

This line the call came from in front, and Jose looked up to see a foot-solder, rifle at shoulder, barring his progress. He wretched the reins, pulling the horse back almost upon his hambels. Up came the solder at the double, thinking that the boy meant to surrender. But Jose dexterously slipped off his horse's back, and leaped into the palms.
"Bang" went the Mauser rifle and a "Bang" went to

"Bang!" went the Mauser rifle; and a great pain tingled the nerves in Jose's shoulder. He stumbled, recovered himself, and sped on—the Spaniard in hot pursuit. It could not be a serious wound, he thought, since he still could rom—and at remover two Secretaries. at running, few Spanish infantry men could beat the ficetest foot for many a lengue. There was a temporary hill in the sounds of hoofs behind. They had found his horse, and were consulting no doubt. Soon again he heard them, crashing through the under growth.

"It's the horse, sure enough! Remember the reward! To the right! To the right," Jose, good ranner as he was, felt tamself gasping for breasts. He could not pold out much longer, but an effort yet remained to be made for Julio's safety. Straining every nerve, he dashed onward now through the undergrowth, now a ross a cultivated field, now down a roadway, where the shots ratiled like custanets in the theater at Havann. At last, open and with a mist before his eyes, he can aimost into the arms of a man in the spanish officer's uniform. He tried to grapple with the enemy, but was promptly knocked senseless with the butt end of a revolver.

senseless with the buttend of a revolver.

V.

An hour later Gen. V., the Spanish district commander, was sitting before his tent, when there appronched a body of troops in charge of a prisoner.

"Ha" said the general, "the mich sent out to captrue that desperate rebel, d'Artoyo.

Have they esignt him?"

"They have a prisoner on a stretcher."

"They have a prisoner on a stretcher,"

replied one of the aides-decamp.
"Dead, I suppose," said the general.
"I did not expect that he would be token alive. He was always a daredevil, that d'Atroyo. I remember him when he was a boy at the military school."

But the resource was her dead, and when

royo's presence to the Spani an audience with the general. "Your excellency," he cried, "they have not taken Don Julio d'Arroyo after all.

The prisoner is a mere boy."
"Nonsense," said the general. "D'Arroyo is quite young." Nevertheless, he
went later on to investigate the matter, and out for insomeriving on a wretcheapullet his wound clumstly bandaged, and a cruel gash over his brow

are Julio D'Arroye, the rebel?" he said.

'Lam not," responded the prisoner. Then, who are you?"

"His younger brother, Jose." There ere hard words in the Spanish camp when he truth became known, as it soon did when the Senora d'Arroyo came over from her plantation to identify and claim Jose. veloped the decision that the boy could not beheld a prisoner. No arms were upon him when endured, and running mad races with the Spinish troops—while disrespectful is not a crime. Accordingly the general who, being a shrewd man, quite understood how the land lay, released Jose, with the cynical opinion that Spain would catel him in good earnest some day, when he was As Jose was carried tenderly back to the

plantation the senoralient over him to whis-per: "Julio has escaped. The outposts pursued you in hopes of the reward, and he got clear off by the boat at Andres. "Viva Cuba libre!" exclaimed Jose; and then, utterly worn out he sank to sleep in the loving arms of his mother.

Wonders of Science "I wonder now those weather men know that it is going to rain." "They know just as we know-by leaving eir umbreilas at home."-Chicago Rec-

The One Condition. Smile, and the world smiles with

Brimley-Yes, if you've got the price .-Town Topics.

Feathered Spies.

(Copyrighted, 1896, by C. F. Hobber) The California mocking bird is a very intelligent fellow, and is sometimes of material service to other animals. In following the hare with hounds, I have heard a series of shricks from a macking bird, at which a hare would dart from its concealment and bound a way; and so often has this occurred that it Would appear as though the mocking, bright-eyed creature was a friendly sentinel on goard who had thus given the hare a warning.

In driving through one of the lower counties of Souther California, I ouces came to a field of stubble in which there Were forly or fifty black pigs on the back of each of Which there were one or two blackbirds. The latter espied me immediately and offered an alarm or Warning at which the pigs looked up and then ran away, some still carrying their sentinels on their back. Such an exhibition might easily be considered accidental, but I have seen it repeated on several occasions; and that certain birds do warn various inimals which they affect there can be little doubt.

A familiar example is seen in our moose, which allows various birds to run over it, in all probability in search of insects. The hunter stealing upon the animal may find it asleep in some out-of the way nook; but the watchful jay is on guard, and attering itsuote of alarm, the moose responds, springs to its feet and rushes away, leaving the hunter for behind, amazed at his lack of skill, and little suspecting that a Canada jay had, to all intents and purposes, whispered words of warning in the long ear of the Flying

That this animal submits to the attention of the jay is well known, the bird having been observed running over its body with the greatest freedom.

In Central America, especially in Nionra-gua, a singular bird, called Quiscalus, is very assiduous in its attention to wild catvery assistions in its attention to wild cat-tie, taking its place on their backs and ele-vating and depressing the long neak and tail in a remarkable manner, giving the impres-sion that it is a poscur. But does an elemy approach, the black grotesque reature immediately afters discordant shricks that have an immediate effect upon the cattle, who teem in their houle and rush into the who toss up their heads and rush into the

who toss up their nears and russ into the bush.

In Africa this guardianship between birds and ozen is so well established that certain birds are universilly known as ox biters; and so vigilant are they in their guardianship over various large game animals that they are an important consideration to the hunter in the chase.

One of the best known of these feath-ered guardians is the red-beaked ox-biter. Buphagus erythrorbyncus, a gamy little fellow not larger than the rohin, with a deep-red beak and eyes that sparkle with a golden gleam. Wherever wild cattle, large antelopes, the camel, rhinoce-res or elephant are found there will the guardians be seen, perching on their backs or running over them with an audacity that is amazing. On the camel the ox biter will run up the woolly neck his a woodpecker, perch upon the ear of the patient animal and examine it intently, while others cling to various parts of the creature, perhaps half asken. So watchful are these sharpeyed birds

that at the first suggestion of an enemy's approach the birds rise from the backs of the herd, uttering load and discording cries, which are interpreted at once. If they should shout "Run for your lives"! the alarm would not be better understood, as at the first warning costs the large arms by the lives note the luge animals rush blindly into the bush, leaving the sportsman morti-fied at his seeming lack of skill in stalking

gome, a skillful are these birds in discovering enemy that they constitute an important in the calculations of the hunter or sportsman in the dark continent. One species is called the rhinoceros-bird on account of its partiality to the rhinoceros, numbers being seen cliquing to the hids of the big noimal or perching upon its cars and horns. Drummond, the well-known naturalist,

found it extremely difficult to deceive these watchful guirdians. On one occasion he had stalked a cape buffaloand a water ante-lope for hours, never exposing himself, knowing that the birds were on guard. Finally, he reached a situation favorable to a shot, when an eagle-eyed bird uttered a sound like tcha-tcha, and the entire ck rose into the air with loud cries, at which the ox and antelope dashed into

The sluggish hippopotamus and the elephant often serve as a perch for a small white heron, which is extremely watch-ful, rising at the slightest alarm, the flapping of their wings being the signal at-which the animal sleak quietly away, to be rejoined, in all probability, by the white





Overboard.